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Zion's Herald.

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BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

We present Gilbert Haven as he familiarly appeared to friends in New England in the days when he went through our borders on his frequent and famous lecture tours. The overcoat will be recognized as the one which he purchased in St. Petersburg in 1861. The material was a dark green cloth lined with Russian dogskin. It is now in the possession of his son, Rev. William Ingraham Haven, and is in a good state of preservation. The style of hat was a favorite, and remained his crown and comfort to the last. One of his colleagues in the episcopal board thought such a hat unbecoming to the dignity of the great office to which he was elected, and advised him to purchase a new one. Taking the hat off his head, and holding it in his hand, with that pretense to seriousness in which he was an adept, he said, "Why, Bishop, this is a good hat. This is almost a new hat. I paid three dollars and a half for this hat, and I bought it since I came to Brooklyn." His colleagues never expostulated with him again relative to his wearing apparel.

SONNET.

Bishop Gilbert Haven.

REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

HAVEN—HUMANITY'S unflinching friend!
Not to the praise of accidents of birth,
Or bond or free, but cheerful to extend
The heart and hand to all the sons of earth;
This stamps the deed, and gives intrinsic worth.
Great not by office—this was greater made
Because he bore it; he it magnified,
Made it an instrument to reach and aid
The low and fallen; he disdained to ride
To place or power upon the sickle wave
Of simulated sympathy; he gave
Himself a ransom for the lost says, "He
Who does it for the least, does it for Me."

GILBERT HAVEN.

REV. WILLIAM RICE, D. D.

I AM asked to contribute for this memorial number of ZION'S HERALD a short article of "memories," or "reminiscences," of my acquaintance with Gilbert Haven, especially with reference to the early days of that acquaintance.

In 1838 I was a student at Wilbraham; and the next year, among the new students who came, was a red-haired, ruddy-faced boy about my own age. He was a bright scholar and an agreeable declaimer, and was full of life and of mischief—one of the better class of rather fast boys. His associates during the early period of his school life at Wilbraham were irreligious, and some of them were vicious, and Gilbert fell into some of the bad habits of these associates; but the next term there was an exceedingly interesting and extensive revival in the school, and Gilbert Haven was among the converts. From this date my acquaintance with him really began—an acquaintance which soon ripened into an intimacy such as I have never enjoyed with any other friend. During the previous period we met only as representatives of widely diverse views. He was irreligious, and I was a Christian; he was a Democrat in politics, and I was an Abolitionist; and in all the discussions upon this subject, we were on opposite sides. Moreover, he was a "Philo," and I was a member of the "Club;" and that meant something in the intimacies of student life in Wilbraham, as old Wilbraham students know. After his conversion, however, we became friends and associates.

At the close of this term he left. I remained a year longer, and then entered the ministry, and was stationed at North Malden. Gilbert was then in a store in Boston, and frequently came home. We resumed our acquaintance, and were often together, either in Malden or in Boston. His father's house in Malden became one of my homes; and we arranged to meet there often, when he came out from the city. His father was then a Democrat in politics, and held a position in the Boston Custom House. Our conversations at the old home were often upon the slavery question, which was then the exciting topic of the day. It was a great satisfaction to me that the elder Haven was one of the first converts here to anti-slavery views; and, in spite of the fact that he held office under a Democratic administration, he at once avowed his change of opinion, and was one of six in Malden who voted, in the fall of 1840, for James G. Birney, the candidate of the Liberty party for President of the United States. Gilbert embraced the same views, but neither he nor I was old enough that year to be a voter. We were, however, heartily in sympathy on this subject; and his long warfare with the giant sin of the age now began.

From North Malden I removed to Saugus. Haven had then given up business, and had entered college with the purpose of devoting himself to the ministry. During the winter of his first year in college he secured a school in Saugus and boarded with me. Our mutual friend and his class-mate, the late lamented Dr. Fales H. Newhall, also secured a school

in Saugus; and, as his father lived next door to the parsonage, we found much opportunity for being together, and enjoyed a most delightful winter, reading and studying together, and discussing questions in literature, theology and politics, sometimes agreeing and sometimes differing in our opinions. But during these months, and through the subsequent forty years of our familiar and intimate

deavored in his later years to secure for the negroes the full recognition of their manhood in Church and State, and to develop in them the intelligent self-reliance and self-assertion which will successfully vindicate their claim to civil and social equality.

Following the order of my reminiscences, let me allude for a moment to Gilbert Haven's entrance into the ministry, as furnishing a



BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

mate intercourse, although Haven and I had frequent and earnest discussions, and although our differences of opinion were sometimes radical, I never heard from his lips a single unkind word, or saw on his face a single expression of anger. It was one of the marked characteristics of the man, that the positiveness of his opinions, and the energy with which he was ready to combat opposing views, were never tinged with personal asperity.

I have mentioned these few facts in respect to the early days. I cannot give in this short article the history of the forty years of friendship and fellowship which followed. The bonds of sympathy between us strengthened with the years, and the closeness of this intimacy only revealed more and more clearly the intensity and fullness of his gentle and loving nature. A single letter of Bishop Haven sent to me from the steamer as he was departing for Africa, will illustrate better than any words of mine the character and warmth of his friendships.

A few words may be necessary in explanation of the references in this letter. At the Baltimore General Conference of 1876, I had a serious bronchial attack near the close of the session, and was left at the hotel dangerously ill when the session closed. Bishop Haven called upon me every day while he remained in the city. After the meeting of the Bishops closed, and he was assigned to visit Africa, he came to say "good-bye." He was impressed with the idea that this visit would probably be fatal to him, as indeed it was. As he stood at the door of my room, his parting words were, "Good-bye, Will, I think our chances for life are about equal." I remained for weeks very ill; but, before he sailed, wrote to him sending my best wishes and my farewell. The letter that follows was his reply. The Kate to whom he refers is Mrs. Rice, also an old Wilbraham friend of his; and the reference to Dr. Buckley near the close of the letter relates to a conversation he had with him about some matters appertaining to the revision of the Hymn-book. Dr. Buckley and myself being members of the committee of revision.

Off Staten Island, Nov. 1, 1876. 11.30 A. M.
DEAR BROTHER RICE: In the cabin, going down the bay, off Staten Island, I answer your loving note, which I have just read with grateful eyes. You know how I love you and Kate—a love surpassing much that goes for that name. The memories of years come back, from old Wilbraham days, and Saugus days, and all the days since, including the happy but brief interregnum of my home felicity. I shall enjoy our differences, I don't mind, there. "Not like with like, but like with difference," you know, is the true motto for love and friendship. I have no old friend of your sort left. I hope I shall long be left; if not, we'll meet, God willing, on the other side of the river.

The vessel recognizes the sea a bit, and I must write to Mary before it gets too agitated. So good-bye, and God bless you forever! I saw Buckley, and suggested that some Church South man and some Englishman should be put in communication with your committee. With this item of business to show that I have not lost my head quite yet, and with a warm grasp of hands, your oldest and youngest (in freshness of regard) friend,
GILBERT.

I here dismiss what is purely personal to me, and add a few words upon two or three phases of his character and life which his personal familiarity enabled me to understand and to appreciate.

I have already alluded to his early conversion to anti-slavery views. His advocacy of these views, and, indeed, his devotion to the cause of human rights everywhere, was one of the noblest, as it was one of the most conspicuous, aspects of his character. When he enlisted in the anti-slavery ranks, the army of freedom was small and despised, and there followed years of defeat and obloquy; but he lived to see the final and glorious triumph. His interest in the colored man ceased not, however, with the termination of slavery. His labors with voice and pen were energetic and persistent until he ceased to live. He en-

deavored in his later years to secure for the negroes the full recognition of their manhood in Church and State, and to develop in them the intelligent self-reliance and self-assertion which will successfully vindicate their claim to civil and social equality.

Following the order of my reminiscences, let me allude for a moment to Gilbert Haven's entrance into the ministry, as furnishing a striking illustration of the fidelity with which he followed his deliberate and earnest convictions. He had entered into business with bright prospects of success, and the influence of his friends was strongly exerted to induce him to pursue the career on which he had started. He knew that they had freely discussed the subject with me, and he confided to me the grief he felt at the disappointment of their expectations and hopes, but he assured me that he could not hesitate, notwithstanding this opposition, when the call of duty was so clear.

The same conscientiousness which led him into the ministry inspired him in the work. Those of us who knew his taste for elegant scholarship, feared, at the beginning of his ministry, lest the details of pastoral work especially would be irksome to him. But, to a spirit so conscientious and loving, duty was a pleasure. He was deeply interested in the people of his congregations, and wonderful was his tact in promoting harmony and good feeling among all classes. Moreover, the business ability which might have brought wealth to himself he turned to grand account in the enterprises of the church.

A word in respect to his loyalty to Methodism, as illustrated by one fact in his history. While he was editor of ZION'S HERALD, I received a letter from him stating that he was coming to Springfield to see me to talk over a matter of considerable importance to himself. On his arrival, he informed me that he had received an invitation to accept a position as one of the editors of a popular religious newspaper at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. The question which had arisen in his mind in connection with this offer, was whether he could do as much for Methodism in that position as in the one which he then held. After discussing this question with me in its various aspects, he decided it in the negative and immediately declined the offer. His personal profit was sacrificed to his love for his church and his devotion to her interests, and the sacrifice was freely and cheerfully made.

I have transcended the limits assigned me, yet I have touched upon a few points. His brilliancy as an editor, the ability and energy which characterized his brief life in the episcopate, his devotion to the cause of higher education—these and many other things must be left without comment.

Whether his views were always sound, whether his measures were always judicious, are questions on which honest men may differ in judgment; but into whatever sphere of thought and action he entered, impelled by the manifold versatility of his own mind, or guided by providential circumstances, he made upon all who knew him the impression of a strong and noble character, and an ardent lover of God and man.

When he died, few men in our church were so missed; few men so loved, few so loving.

"HAVENISMS."

THE slave has vanished, but not his story. That remains picturesque, terrible. His future is problematical, but will ultimately be bright.—*Journal* (Feb. 5, 1879).

When a Southern minister refused to be introduced to him, he said: "It isn't the first time a secessionist ran from a Yankee."

The apostolic succession cannot come from Christ, since He is like Melchisedec, without descent.—*Journal*.

Was at Providence Conference last week at Taunton. Had a difficult but not a disagreeable time. How perplexing is this work! How vast! I tremble when engaged in it. The Lord Jesus bless this labor of our hands. Read history of Church of England, full of strength and weakness. It is so in fact to-day.—*Journal* (April 25, '79).

Speaking of Harvard Divinity School, he says: "Alas! I thought, that this beautiful spot should be

occupied by less than a score of students studying a system; no, not a system, a collection of errors, shot through occasionally with truths."—*Article*.

The church has never adopted the doctrine of non-resistance; it never will. As long as man feels that he has a right to raise his hand to protect his head against the murderer's blow, he will feel that he has a right to mail that hand, to arm that hand for his sole purpose.—*Article on John Brown*.

Let Slavery, then, proceed to the bloody end of her unnatural revenge. Let her crush her remaining victims, as she has their great leader, in her dripping jaws, grin horribly a ghastly smile, and settle down upon the burning marl, and gloat over the miserable victims that daily feed her belching maw. Let her use their survivors to decoy the great anti-slavery leaders to her den, so that they too, served up by Judge Lynch, may tickle the delicate palate of this eater of men. Will her slaves, the haughty slaveocracy, cease to fear? Cowards fear the dead more than the living. She fears both. She is fast rushing to her grave. Great signs in the religious, the political, the social heavens betoken its overthrow. Within this first century of our national life it will disappear.—*Article* (at time of John Brown's death).

But must we parley with Romanists? What have they done to merit this consideration at our hands? Will they unite in saving the public school if we abolish the Bible therefrom? Do they offer to trade on any such terms? Do they offer to trade on any terms? They are consistent; let us be, also. They mean the spiritual and temporal ecclesiastical domination of America. What do we mean?—*Article*.

A friend once said he was in doubt whether to join the Methodist or the Episcopal Church, but compromised by joining the Methodist Episcopal. So our brothers [Protestant Episcopal] may settle this difficulty by joining themselves to us and losing the non-distinctive name of Protestant in the more aristocratic, more ancient, more Christian, and even more English title of Methodists.—*Article*.

The battle-cry of all progress is a simple sentence, often a single word, repeated ceaselessly, until that word is made sovereign.—*Ding-Dong*.

There is a fear that we shall have too much journalism [in the church]. We are in danger rather of too little.—*Article*.

John Henry Newman failed as Parker failed on the opposite extreme, because he did not consult Christ, the Holy Word, and the Holy Ghost as carefully as he consulted his own theories. He was not, like Wesley, his predecessor as a preacher at St. Mary's, assiduous to save souls from sin. That kept him equally keen logician and equally good explorer of a subtlety to its uttermost, safe and steadfast. The want of it made Newman fail.—*Review of Theologia*.

Most deeply do I regret the identification of your name with the absurdities and abominations of this little clique, who seem to have reversed the apostolic injunction, "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men," and have become children in understanding, men in malice, as they rage against the church, the Bible, the Sabbath, the ordinance of perpetual marriage, and other sacred and blessed gifts of God to man. Most gladly would I see you and others less worthy, yet pure and excellent, that surround you, abandoning this society of men of perverse minds and of doctrines far more perverse, and standing in your lot and place among those who would gratefully embalm your name with the holiest fragrance of Christian love.—*Letter to Wm. Lloyd Garrison*.

It is impossible to suppress the freedom and activity of thought in a Christian mind by the force of arguments or precedents and authority. Only truer thoughts can be its victor. It is folly to suppose that the exact form of faith which exists to-day will exist in all its minutiae perpetually. There must be constant growth in the science as well as the experience of religion. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." Make the choir as the original is, full and strong, with the sevenfold harmony. Some good brethren, not always obscure or powerless, fancy that John Wesley, John Fletcher, and Richard Watson are the perpetual triumvirate of the Christian mind, especially of those "people called Methodists." Such persons would have been among the bitterest opponents of these famous theological reformers had they been their contemporaries. They build the tombs in which they would bury the spirit of such prophets.—*Article*.

Wesley was the real father of modern philosophy no less than of modern theology and modern piety. Methodism was the institution of new views of theological and of metaphysical truth. It broke down Calvinism, which had ruled the Christian world for fifteen hundred years. It broke down sensualism, the metaphysical statement of Calvinism. The soul was emancipated from the mere sovereignty of God, which in Locke was reduced, philosophically, to the sovereignty of matter. What Wesley did in this great department, has hardly yet been recognized.—*Article*.

"The Methodist will be found one of the most pacific journals in our communion. This will soon be ascertained by its readers." Undoubtedly. I ascertained it before I had got through with its first article. It is as pacific as the Dismal Swamp. Not a breath stirs its placid waters. A few mosquitoes hum and bite, but only enough to keep you from the perfect slumbers of Myneer Van Winkle. So pacific is it, that it has left the present views of our Bishops and the General Conference and gone back to a remark of the former made four years ago, for the basis of its action on the question of slavery. The great currents of this divine movement left that rock, if it be a rock, fifteen hundred years ago in their onward sweep. Our esteemed Methodist is having a pacific time away back there, straining its weak eye to see the flashing tide far off in the living present.—*Letter from New York*.

We should remember that by speech and by the press, in his earliest and in latest words, he opposed Christ and Him Crucified. There is no room for any charity to stand neutral in such a contest.—*Sermon on the death of Theodore Parker*.

No attending acts of a philanthropic character can atone for vital errors in great spiritual truths and duties.—*Ibid*.

As to Liberia, don't fret. Out of that nettle, Danger, I trust to pluck the flower, Safety. I should not wonder if I circumnavigated Africa, and went from Zanzibar after Stanley, and the Victoria and Albert Nyansa. Who knows? . . . God has laid Africa upon my heart, and now, if He wishes to complete

the sacrifice by laying my bones in African soil, His will be done.—*Letter to a Friend*.

EMIGRAVI AD DOMINUM.

(This poem, which has never appeared in print, was written by GILBERT HAVEN in memory of his wife, Oct. 1, 1864, and was re-written Sunday night, Aug. 19, 1865. Another date that appears on the MS. is Jan. 10, 1869, Sunday night.)

How sweet these words of ancient seer
Sighed o'er the grave of friend and lover,
In them the holy creed reads clear
That with God's smile our work doth cover.

Yet not to-night does my heart dwell
Upon the long-departed saint
Whose faithful toil and prayerful cell
Concluded with this pleasing plaint;

But of the sweetest soul that e'er
Shone on the path from earth to heaven;
Eclipsed by that thick cloud of fear,
The sudden stroke my heart hath given.

Of her, on this her birthday night,
So gayly passed in those past hours,
When clear and steady streams of light
Poured peace and joy through happy bowers.

When hand in hand and heart in heart
We glided cheerily along,
Not dreaming that our God would part
The souls whose life was one sweet song.

But ah! the summons swiftly came:
Loose these love-moorings! Haste away
To that fair land whose heavenly name
We know not, but where ever day

Shines in a calm, full, holy light;
Where floats as if in saintly dreams
The forms beloved, in lustrous white,
Whose faces glow with golden beams.

Thither where our dear Lord doth dwell,
Where oft He walks among His friends,
While high converse their bosoms swell
And wondrous peace their steps attend.

Her mortal eyes beheld that land
When touched with that immortal dawn.
"I see," she cries, "a country grand,
A broad, clear stream I'm sailing on."

That sense of grandeur is fulfilled;
She's found the bosom of her Lord.
"Ad Dominum," the end she willed;
"Ad Dominum," our hearts accord.

Does she still look on this dark spot
Remembering many a speechless trust?
Has her rapt soul that soul forgot,
Who once, if she his presence missed,

E'en for a moment from her sight,
Bewailed the absence, so close flowed
Their streams of life in calm delight
In those blessed hours of earth's abode?

Her babes below—are they hers now?
Kindles her heart with fondness dear?
Alas! our rent hearts never know
An answer soothing; but the ear

Catches a solemn, deep reproof
Dropped from the heights of Love Divine:
"Keep from this awful veil aloof,
To My decree bow, nor repine."

"Refrain, poor child! Withhold thy gaze:
Stand not with ever-upraised eyes,
Such are not God's appointed ways
To make thee holy, humble, wise."

"Seek not to peer within the veil,
Walk softly now, before thy God;
Thy path like hers is to prevail
By meek submission to His rod."

"A few more days, though long and sad,
Will bring your journey to its close;
Then will you hear the summons glad
That all these secrets shall disclose."

"Then shall you find your soul's soul's Soul,
Jesus, your lover, guide and all;
Be in His arms, with her made whole
From woes, from sins, from future fall."

"Then shall you move in sweet accord
With Him who brought you both above,
And on the breast of Christ your Lord
Enjoy, with her, eternal love."

AS I KNEW HIM.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I MUST go down the dusty years nearly half a century, to write of Gilbert Haven as I remember him. He was then a clerk in the carpet store of Tenney & Co., corner of Salem and Prince Streets, at that time the largest carpet store in the city of Boston, and occupying an enviable location in the best business part of the town. My father's house, where I was born, was on Salem Street, midway between the carpet store and the old North Church, made famous in the beginning of the Revolutionary War by the fact that from its lofty tower the signaling lanterns were hung out, to inform Paul Revere of the movements of the British troops in Boston.

I soon came to know the carpet store and its habits very thoroughly. For I was attending the Female Seminary at Charlestown, at that time, a noted educational institution under the auspices of the Baptists; and to reach Charles River Bridge, I was obliged to pass and repass the store daily. Moreover, it was one of the sights of the city, and I was frequently called upon to escort country relatives and friends to the establishment, and to introduce them to the proprietor, or his assistants, who conducted them through its bewildering splendors.

How I knew that young Haven was ambitious, fond of books and study, and utterly unlike the other clerks, I cannot tell. I was myself struggling under difficulties for an education, and the fact that he was stirred by similar tendencies, gave him importance in my eyes. Once he asked me, in the presence of the other clerks, concerning the course of study I was pursuing; and when I answered his question, he said earnestly, "I should like to take that course myself." Personally, he was less attractive than his associates. His red hair, and large nose, which was very prominent in his youth, when his face was thin, made him an easy subject for ridiculous comment. But he was uniformly bright, cheerful and courteous, with a certain win-

ning way of appearing much interested in those with whom he was brought in contact, and he was a general favorite.

He boarded in a Baptist family, while clerking in the carpet store, in which I was intimately acquainted, as we all attended the same church, and one of the daughters was my especial girl friend. I remember a party given by the daughters of the house, at which young Haven did not make his appearance until nearly ten o'clock—a very late hour for those days. He apologized for his tardiness on the score of a previous engagement. "It was the regular prayer-meeting evening of his church," he said, "from which he never excused himself." In a few moments he was the very life of the company. We had been somewhat stilted before, and quite formal in our attempts at sociality; but with his appearance all our frigidities melted. His gay temper became infectious; we caught his wit and cheerfulness, and the remainder of the evening overflowed with bright talk, song and innocent merriment. He was a very unique young man.

Thirty years passed. I had been plunged during the War of the Rebellion into experiences which had stirred me to the depths, and had become interested in the life of the nation, which I had never before considered. Whether I would or not, I was irresistibly impelled into the advocacy of the reforms of the day—the education of the freedmen, the reconstruction of the South, prohibition, the higher education of woman, and woman suffrage. In the interest of our children, it became necessary for my husband and myself to return from Chicago to Boston—but only temporarily, as we supposed. Mr. Haven was then editor of ZION'S HERALD, and was at a white heat of interest in these and other reforms, for which he was working mightily with pen and voice and influence. I was editor of the *Woman's Journal*, and our respective offices were in the same neighborhood. Our homes in Malden and Melrose were not far distant; we rode back and forth to the city on the same trains, and speedily became friends. I did not at first identify him with the young clerk of Tenney's carpet store, for thirty years of change and care, labor and sorrow, work great changes. Neither of us retained a very vivid memory of our early slight acquaintance until it was quickened by a comparison of notes.

How grand a man he had become! What an education it was to know him! What an education to be associated with him! His keen mental vision swept the whole horizon; he comprehended perfectly the trend of civilization, at home and abroad, and he studied all questions from the standpoint of love to God—love of whatever was good, just, right and true—and love to man. Not for a moment would he tolerate expedients, palliatives or compromises. If there was a wrong to be remedied, it was his way to lay the axe at the root of the tree. A true reform was to him applied Christianity. A braver man never lived. He dared be true to the truth, if the whole world stood in arms for the lie. It mattered not who defended the wrong, his telling blows were showered upon the evil thing, his arrows of satire riddled it, his hot shot of ridicule was poured into it. And yet he was never bitter, unforgiving, nor malicious. His temper was of the sunniest, his nature of the kindest sort. Even those who differed with him were drawn to him by his magnanimity.

He was a splendid man to have on your side when you were in a battle, for he carried many guns of varying calibre, and used them all with such precision, that he invariably hit the mark with one of them. While Rev. Mr. Fulton was pastor of the Tremont Temple Baptist church, Mr. Haven and he held a public debate on woman suffrage before an audience that packed the spacious auditorium. They were very unequally matched, and when Mr. Fulton found it impossible to answer Mr. Haven's logical plea for the enfranchisement of woman, he resorted to abuse—a weapon in whose use he was an expert. He vilified women almost indecently, and was frequently hissed. At the close of the debate, Mr. Haven introduced the clerical pugilist to many of the leading woman suffragists who occupied seats on the platform, who shook hands with him—all but one lady, who declined his proffered hand. "No, sir," she said, firmly, "I cannot shake hands with you, for you have to-night most wickedly reviled woman." "Better revile women," was his clumsy reply, "than revile the Lord Jesus Christ." "Ah, Brother Fulton, you have done both to-night," was Mr. Haven's quick rejoinder; "for it was Christ who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me,' and in reviling these women, you have reviled the Master."

In another debate of the same kind his antagonist swept all advocates of woman suffrage into the category of "long-haired men and short-haired women," while he was himself wearing long flowing hair. "Look at the fellow!" shouted the irrepressible Haven. "Look at his own long hair, which is the long hair of a woman's head, made into a wig." After he was ordained Bishop, his interest in the colored people almost consumed him. No risk was too great for him to run in their behalf, no sacrifice too costly for him to make. Their woes and disabilities were omnipresent to him, until he became like a river sponge, forever saturated with the passing streams of their sorrow. On his return from the South, at one time, he arranged with Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and myself to spend three or more weeks, in a lecture tour which he had planned, in leading Southern cities. Mr. Phillips was to speak as he felt moved by what he saw and heard, Mr. Gough was to talk temperance, and I was to discuss the woman question in its various phases. It fell through because of Mrs. Phillips's serious illness and Mr. Gough's loss of

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 whom she

Paris Cafe Entree Dishes.

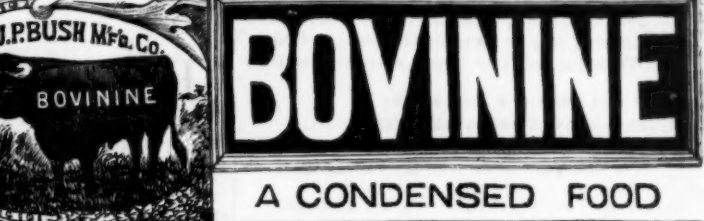
Novelties in French Porcelain (heat proof) just landed, including Shirred-Egg Dishes, Whole Roast Dishes, Omelet Pans, Chocolate Dishes, Lobster and Fish Coquilles, Souffle Dishes, etc.

New Porcelain decorated Bouillon Cups and Sauces, Engagement Cups and Sauces, China Candelabra and Candlesticks.

New designs in costly Plant Pots and Pedestals. Also, the low-cost self-color Jardiniers.

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China, Glass and Lamps (seven floors).
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A CONDENSED FOOD

FOR BABY AND MOTHER

WILL cause baby to gain weight. WILL build up the bones and teeth. WILL give color to the cheeks and lips by creating new blood. WILL make the flesh firm and rosy. WILL nourish perfectly the most nervous system, thus removing fretfulness and crying. WILL lay the foundation for a vigorous and healthy childhood by supplying the necessary elements to sustain the body. BOVINE contains the salts of sodium and potassium in the most assimilable form. It will sustain life for weeks by injection, and has saved many a child suffering from diphtheria and unable to swallow even liquids. BOVINE is prepared by a new process without cooking, therefore requires no effort of the system to absorb it. When the nursing mother is run down and her appetite fails, when the milk diminishes in both quantity and quality, BOVINE is of the greatest service, causing by its tonic properties an increase of appetite and a greater supply of those elements for the production of rich milk for the little ones, building up the weak and worn-down mother, and, in consequence, benefiting the child.

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It offers you guaranteed mortgages running 3 to 5 years, at 6 to 7 per cent. semi-annually. Amounts \$250 to \$6,000.

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that I was speechless. I made no reply except silent tears. Only death could comfort this faithful lover.

He spoke to me once of his great interest in the question of lay representation in the General Conference, and how he was baffled in his efforts to carry it. "But," said he, cheerily, "it is bound to come, and women will yet be seated at this highest legislative and judicial assembly of the Methodist Church, and women will yet be ordained bishops. You will live to see it - I shall not." I expect to see his prediction fulfilled, as many others have been.

Never was Bishop Gilbert Haven more needed than to-day. How splendidly he would have espoused the cause of women delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church! How his clarion tones would have rung out in behalf of this great advance! How he would have turned back the tide of vilification that, for a while, surged around the beloved Frances Willard, who, recognized as the coming leader of the women of the world, becomes the shining target of those who seek to perpetuate exclusive masculine domination! Proliferate has been the great church of the people in clear-headed, large-hearted and brave apostles of the right and the true, only once in a century can she give us a man like the rare and unique Haven, who returned, alas! for us, too early to heaven.

The Nashville Christian Advocate has a practical hint to Sunday-school superintendents in the following:

The wide-awake superintendent of our First Methodist Sunday-school, Memphis, Tenn., Mr. John R. Pepper, has issued the following notice to the congregation: "Dear friends, for a long time we have been very desirous to have every parent represented in our Sunday-school attend the regular session of the school at least once a year, if no more. We think it due our boys and girls, as well as those who have charge of the school, that the parents should come and see how their children are taught, and how they are taught. Therefore, we earnestly and cordially invite you to be present Sunday, December 7, at 9:30 A.M., and remain with us during the entire session, if possible."

The National Home Reading Union is the English substitute for the Chautauque Reading Circle. Though Chautauque awakened an interest in the matter, our transatlantic cousins could not accept an American scheme of study. For John Bull's people, the American plan was too superficial and narrow; so Dr. Paton invented the Union. It has a show of greater depth and breadth; but it may be doubted whether it is as well adapted to the needs of the people as the American plan. However, it is enough that it suits Johnny's children and is having a great run in the island kingdom. It is equally with Chautauque an evidence of the revived interest in popular education.

Says Daniels: "From the quiet and scholarly Colby, to the radical and irrepressible Haven, was a change so complete, that for awhile New England Methodism fairly held its breath. He was quite as much of a statesman as a clergyman, and he was more of a fighting editor than New England had been accustomed to see in charge of religious newspapers. He poured himself out upon Boston, and the rest of mankind, with the utmost abandon, starting even the most radical reformers by the sweep of his theories and the breadth of his plans; arousing the wrath of quiet, peace-loving persons to whom his was the chief social evil to be prayed against in their litany; bringing himself into the forefront of the battle for civil rights, the enfranchisement of women, the destruction of the rum power, and the overturning of every system of false doctrine."

In the January number of the *Old and New Testament Student* there is a very interesting article upon Prof. C. A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary. We commend to those who cannot discuss honest differences of opinion without an exhibition of the *odium theologicum*, the following genial paragraph:

"They who know him best feel a double charm from his splendid ability as a scholar, and his moral traits. He is the embodiment of loyalty - loyalty to his own convictions and to all who are working with him. He carries little of the small change of conventional gossip, but in speaking upon topics his coin is bright as it is weighty. For this reason he is one of the most popular members of the several literary societies and circles to which he belongs. He has a natural gift for polemics, and rejoices in the clang of a good blow, even though it fall upon his own armor. Taking no offense at any challenge of his own opinions, he feels no discourtesy in challenging the opinions of others."

The seventh annual session of the Florida Chautauque - a winter assembly in a land of summer - will be held at De Pania Springs, Fla., Feb. 4 to March 16. Among the lecturers whose names appear on the program are: Dr. Washington Gladden, Bishop Malian, Marjorie Thompson, Prof. Charles Foster Smith, Dr. W. W. Ramsey, Dr. S. A. Steele, Prof. W. H. Dana, Dr. J. W. Lee, Dr. J. H. Mansfield, Dr. John B. Eager, President H. L. Stetson, D. D., President W. H. Scott, D. D., President V. P. Thirkield, Rev. Henry Hubbard, and about twenty others. Music will be furnished by a large chorus under the direction of Prof. W. M. Skinner, the Schubert Club, an orchestra of fifteen pieces under the direction of Prof. F. A. Able, the famous Rogers' band, and a pretty thorough orchestra. Class work will be done in art, music, elocution, physical culture, and stenography. Miss Lelia E. Partridge, of Pennsylvania, will conduct a school of methods. Rev. O. S. Baketel and Mr. Horace Hitchcock will conduct the Sunday school normal class, and Dr. C. R. Barnes and others will deliver special courses of lectures to ministers and Bible students. For full detailed program address Rev. A. H. Gillett, Cincinnati, O.

Dr. G. M. Steele has a characteristically thoughtful and suggestive article in the current *Methodist Review* on "Industrial Reconstruction." The attention of our readers is called to the following paragraph as confirmatory of recent editorial utterances in our columns:

"There is at the present time a strong tendency in a certain class of thinkers, and many of these not of the wild and extravagant sort, to some form of socialism. To a large proportion of our people the term 'socialism' is associated with all sorts of impractical and disastrous conditions. Many confound it with anarchism, which is not necessarily akin to it. A genuine Christian Socialism is easily conceivable, and I imagine the millennium, when here, will have a pretty thorough socialistic character. It is probable, however, that the ideal socialism is not altogether wait for the perfect moral reconstruction which we call the millennium. It will come, it may be, before the progress of society in this direction. Indeed, it would surprise a good many of us to realize to what extent we have already gone in the acceptance of socialistic elements into our present civilization."

AS I KNEW HIM.
(Continued from Page 1.)

voice. I doubt if it could have been carried out.

Only once did I ever allude to the great sorrow of his life, and then incidentally. I was certain that he was going to his death when he went to Africa, and, in earnest remonstrance, I said to him, "If you had a wife to take care of you, and for whose sake you would be careful of yourself, it would be different." "I have a wife," was his reply, "and for her sake I am careful of myself." And then followed a brief conversation - which was almost a monologue on his part - in which was revealed so much of the love, sorrow and longing of the man's great heart,

Somerville, Park Ave. - The pastor, Rev. H. Matthews, and his family, were each remembered generously by the Ladies' and Young People's Societies, at Christmas and New Year's. The pastor, on Sunday last, received one on probation, three by letter, and baptized one.

Lowell, Worthen St. - Dec. 21 was observed as Christmas Sunday. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. W. T. Perrin, preached to the children on "The Christmas Spirit," and at the close a very impressive after-service was held, the little folks kneeling around the altar. The Christmas concert in the evening, arranged by Mrs. Perrin, was

participated in by old and young and greatly enjoyed. The decorations were quite elaborate, including a large evergreen arched with tapers, in one of which a star burned forth. At the watch-night service representatives of several churches were present, and Rev. J. O. Campbell, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, preached. Jan. 4, five were received on probation, one into full connection, and four by letter. During the year the Sunday-school has made a net increase of 100 members. L. E. Kimball, Dr. C. H. Leland, and Mrs. H. B. Hamilton have been elected the superintendents for 1891.

East Boston, Saratoga St. - New Year's Day was a scene of unusual interest at the residence of Dr. John W. and Mrs. Hamilton. Their doors were open during the day, and they were visited by more than five hundred persons, representing different denominations. The congratulations and greetings greatly enlivened and beautified the scene. Each was requested to leave his or her autograph, as a pleasant remembrance. The occasion will be long remembered as hallowed by the purest, choicest social fellowship. Three persons were received into the church in full connection on Sunday. The quarterly conference on Friday evening last unanimously voted for Dr. Hamilton to continue in the pastorate the fourth year.

Chelsea, Mt. Belknap. - On Sunday, Dec. 28, there was the largest attendance upon the Sunday-school that there has been for several years. George H. Carter has been the effective superintendent, and is re-elected for another year. The Sunday evening service of song is interesting and attractive to the people, and promises to be very profitable.

Tapscott. - After a successful watch-night service, on New Year's Day the pastor, Rev. J. H. Thompson, made 77 calls. On Sunday last, he received one on probation. There was one seeker at the altar after the evening sermon by Dr. Joseph H. Mansfield. The Church Aid collection was taken, amounting to \$23.

Newburyport, People's Church. - One was received by letter on Sunday last by the pastor, Rev. E. A. Howard. Mr. Howard, who has been confined to his room for over two months is much improved, and will probably recover.

Rockport. - A fine entertainment was given by the Sunday school on Christmas Eve. The school is growing in numbers, and is doing good work under the efficient management of Mr. Daniel Coath, superintendent. A fine Vose piano has been purchased by the Epworth League and placed in the vestry of the church. Arrangements have been made to hold a series of union evangelistic meetings, commencing with the "week of prayer." Dr. Earle, the well-known evangelist, has been engaged to assist. G. R. Grow, M. D., the efficient chorister of the M. E. Church, will have charge of the singing. Rev. J. H. Humphrey, pastor.

Seaboard. - Jan. 4, the pastor, Rev. L. W. Adams, received one from probation, one on probation, and one by letter. Revival services begin this week with the evangelist, Mrs. E. R. Leger.

East Saugus. - There is a fair degree of prosperity in this conservative old charge. The interest in the various services of the church has been on the increase for some weeks, and the faithful ones have rejoiced in seeing their seekers of salvation in the meetings. The presence of some of the brethren from the Lynn churches has added new interest to the Sunday evening meetings. A few new families have joined their interests with this church. The Young People's League is doing a good work. The Ladies' Circle has achieved remarkable financial results in the recent bazaar. The leadership of Mrs. R. A. Johnson was particularly commendable, and the co-operation with her was most social and enjoyable. The net result was \$1,237.75. Rev. F. K. Stratton, pastor.

Springfield District. - The church in this village has taken a fresh inspiration. Twenty of the youth of the society have recently joined the church. The Congregational church here has been closed, and the families now worship with our church.

Northampton. - Pastor Pomeroy reports pledges to the amount of \$2,000 toward the improvement of the church edifice. Twenty-five have recently been received into the church. All the interests of the church are thriving.

Williamsburg. - Our church here has had rather a hard struggle ever since the great flood of seventeen years ago, when the principal industries of the village were crushed. The church, however, is doing good work under Pastor Martin.

St. Luke's, Springfield. - Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester was visited Sunday, Dec. 21, by Rev. L. H. Dorchester. He addressed the Sunday-school of St. Luke's at their Christmas concert, and also addressed the Methodist preachers on the following Monday morning. The Doctor has traveled over 18,000 miles since he was here last year and has covered fully 3,000 miles in wagons over rough roads since he became Indian agent. The Sunday-school of St. Luke's has a membership of 212. The largest attendance was 165.

Trinity. - A local paper has this to say of a former pastor of this church: "Rev. Geo. Skene, of Somerville, formerly pastor of Trinity Church, has been visiting among his old parishioners this week. He was the guest of L. C. Smith, of Elliott Street. Mr. Skene says his church at Somerville is thriving in every respect. Eastern Massachusetts evidently agrees with him, as he is now quite portly in form. He received a hearty welcome from his friends here, with whom he was very popular."

State St. - The Sunday-school of this church has a membership of 305.

Conway is one of our most thriving country parishes. Rev. George Sanderson is the pastor. All the finances of the church are regularly met, and the church is in a good spiritual condition. Repairs to the amount of \$600 have been made on the church edifice. The roofs have been re-shingled and the walls of the auditorium re-frescoed. Our society here holds an annual agricultural

(Continued on Page 3.)

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Norwich District Calendar Meeting, at North Grovesdale, Feb. 16-18

CONVENTIONS. PLACE. TIME. BISHOP.

Worcester, Waverly N.Y., Apr. 1, Bowman

East German, Baltimore, Me., 1, Hurst

Delaware, Cambridge, Md., 1, Mallahan

New York, Yonkers, N.Y., 1, Fitzgerald

North Indiana, Hastings, Ind., 1, Joyce

New York East, Patchogue, N.Y., 1, Goodell

New England, Lynn, Mass., 1, Bowman

Newark, Washington, N.J., 1, Mallahan

N. E. Southern, London, Ct., 1, Bowman

Northern N.Y., Watrous, N.Y., 1, Hurst

N. Hampshire, Newport, N.H., 1, Goodell

Troy, Johnstown, N.Y., 2, Hurst

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

LYNN DISTRICT - FOURTH QUARTER.

2, Boston, Saratoga St. 14, Wakefield;

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 8

The Family.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

OLIVE E. DANA.

From the time-quarry of eternity
God hews to-day another rugged stone,
And says to men, "Come ye, and work with Me;
Help Me to make to men my purpose known."
He could declare, aye, and He does declare,
In one great word its grandeur and its scope;
And lesser words are echoing everywhere
His wisdom, beauty, tenderness and hope.
The calm stars chant in their timed spheres,
The winds howl of it in their resonant voice,
The blossoms show it, and the wheat's full ears,
The sunlight, radiant with it, says "Rejoice!"
But none of these, nor even that Living Word
That told, and tells, in human deeds and speech,
What shall be done for man, with help from God,
Whose balms of pity deepest woundings reach—
Not even this will of itself suffice;
The massive statue waits many hands.
And so once more, from out the opening skies,
The New Year comes to all the waiting lands.
How shall we help Him, who are unskilled,
To carve from common years the Golden Year?
Who does His will and with Christ's love is filled,
Helps make His love known, brings His kingdom near.
Augusta, Me.

THE NEW YEAR.

The frosty night-wind hurries on,
The stranger's lagging feet,
And, for a moment, in the hush,
The Old and New Year meet.
And one goes back to God again,
And one stays on for joy or pain.
And he who stays looks for thy face,
And finds thee in the night,
And with swift arms encircles thee,
And claims thee his by right;
And he will give thee light or rest,
To thee, as he, the stranger Year.
He will add his time with thee—
His own full death to part;
Therefore receive him tenderly
And take him to thy heart.
Not grudgingly, as thou must,
But generously, with love and trust.
Be not afraid to give thyself
To his guiding hands,
For he will lead through day or dark,
To rough or pleasant lands,
And he will give thee light or rest,
The shine or shade, as shall be best.
Respond to every word of his
With faith that does not fear;
For God is in the Year;
Oh, love him, for he comes to bless
Thy life with good and happiness!
—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Each day, each week, each month, each year,
Is a new chance given you by God.
A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is
The golden, the unspeakable gift which each
New day offers to you. —Canon Farrar.

Year, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end;
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.
—Dinah Mulock Craik.

The year opens with a beauty of its own.
Its gateway is crystal; its threshold is
garlanded with the tints of all manner of precious
stones. In the glittering pendants over door-
way and window, in the iridescence of ice-
berg trees, we catch the changeful hues of
blossoms, fountains, blue skies, and rainbows,
hidden within this white gate, in the summer
that is yet far away, a promise unfulfilled.
And in this wonder of blended purity and
color, this splendor which transfigures the
familiar landscape, other visions flash upon
us—the illuminations of the unseen—
—A glimpse of glory indeed!
The foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given;
The white bride coming down from heaven.
"The twelve gates were twelve pearls;
every several gate was of one pearl." By
each of our months we enter upon a distinct
and beautiful revelation of this world, which
was meant to be the city of the Living God.
The gateways that let in the cool of the
north, the balm of the south, the glow of the
east, and the tenderness of the west—winter,
spring, summer, autumn—each brings its
own peculiar charm. It is the same world,
yet without sameness, seen through a halo of
infinitely-varying beauty.
Light is life. Alike in the visible and spiri-
tual worlds, it is the one primal element of
being. Through luminous gateways opening
all around us, the soul passes on into glory
which no eye hath seen or can see—in the
presence of Him who is Light; in whom
"is no darkness at all." —Selected.

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a flower
hid in its roots among the untrodden hills;
God shows thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as His breath thy spirit fills!
Behold, the New Year beckons, like a star,
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies;
God guide thee through its mystic spaces far,
Till all his stars as suns within thee rise!
The New Year beckons. He, to, beckoning, nears;
Forget not that all thy gifts are His!
Take from His hand all blessings of the years,
And of the blossoming, starred eternities!
—Lucy Larcom.

Gird on new strength as the new year
dawns; use the needed discipline of past
short-comings and mistakes as beacon lights
if need be, to warn the soul of the dangerous
rock where past good resolves have been
wrecked and engulfed. There has, after all,
no temptation overcome any one but is com-
mon to all. Everything in the Bible and in
nature points to the necessity of constantly
renewed efforts in the right direction, despite
the failures of the past. The invariable com-
mand of the Scriptures is to go on and go
forward. No one is required to go alone.
The great Master who sets each life-task is
always ready to guide, instruct and cheer, and
every lesson well learned is so much advance
towards heaven.
"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And trouble forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."
—Christian at Work.

If the eyes of the Lord will be upon us His
people, from the beginning of the year to the
end of the year, what shall we do? Why, let
us be as happy as we can during this year.
You have your trials and troubles to come—
do not expect that you will be free from them.
The devil is not dead, and sparks still
fly upward. Herein is your joy, the God and
Father of our Lord Jesus Christ will never
leave you nor forsake you. Up with your
standard now and march on boldly! In the
name of the Lord set up your banner, and
begin to sing. Away with carking care, God
cares for us; the sparrows are fed, and shall
not the children be? The lilies bloom, and
shall not the saints be clothed? Let us roll
all our burdens upon the burden-bearer. You
will have enough to care for if you care for
His cause as you should. Do not spoil your

power to care for God by caring for yourself.
This year let your motto be, "Seek first the
kingdom of God and His righteousness, and
all these things shall be added to you." By
taking thought you cannot add a cubit to
your stature, nor turn one hair white or
black; take then no anxious thought for the
morrow, for the morrow shall take thought
for the things of itself. Lean upon your God,
and remember His promise, that as your day
is so shall your strength be. "I would have
you," says the apostle, "I would have you
without carefulness." He does not mean, I
would have you without economy, without
prudence and without discretion, but he
means, I would have you without fretfulness,
without distrustful care, I would have you be
without care for yourself, because the Lord's
eyes will be upon you. —Spurgeon.

GRANDFATHER'S INVENTORY.

A New Year's Story.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANT.

"RUN away, Dick! I'm taking an inven-
tory. I can't be bothered now."
When Grandfather Morris used a certain
tone, people were apt to obey him, but this
time his small namesake only came nearer.
"What is an 'inventory,' grandpa?" asked
the boy.

"Every year, before the first of January,
I go over my books, the record of the store,
my bank stock, rents, and all. I have the
capital and profit on one side, and the ex-
pense and loss on the other. Then I balance
my accounts, and know just what I am
worth," answered the old gentleman.

"Oh, I believe I'd do that too," said his
small grandson, who tried to imitate his
grandfather in every possible way.

"Very well," said Mr. Morris. "Here's a
little book. What can you enter on the credit
page?"

"I have four dollars in the bank, and my
pony, and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and
grandma, and little sister, and papa, and
mamma. You'll put in big letters."

"Very good," said the old gentleman,
much pleased. "Anything more?"

"Yes; I'll write down my eyes and ears
and my legs anyway."

"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr.
Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satis-
faction.

"But, grandpa, don't we have to invest the
credit side?"

"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent.
and more. Your bank money draws interest,
and your other belongings pay you in com-
fort. Now run away, my boy."

"One thing more, grandpa," said the little
fellow, laying his head against the old gen-
tleman's shoulder. "What are you going to
do with your money?"

Mr. Morris looked at the boy sharply from
under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner
was evidently innocent of any personal de-
signs.

"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making
my family comfortable, I'm going to leave
the rest to charity—that is, for poor people,
or to a school, or the church."

"O grandpa, I'm so glad! Then you won't
mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are
not dead. That's why I came. Mary said
you wasn't to be disturbed, but I told her I
had particular business that couldn't wait.
He's in trouble. You see he's in the college,
but even the Preps and the Primes in our
room make fun of him and call him 'Old
Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful
plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you
know. Well, some of the boys thought they
would play a trick on him, so they went to
his room and took his stove down and put it
on the shed roof. Then they found they had
had all their hard work for nothing, for he
hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been
awful cold. We all went to chapel, even us
Primes, and I heard Dr. Williams tell about
it. Steve was at work. He said some good
man ought to put up a building for poor boys,
so they could have warm, comfortable homes
and plenty to eat without its costing too
much. So I thought I'd ask you to do it right
away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fel-
lows."

"You seem to think grandpa is made of
money," said the old gentleman, much
amused.

"O grandpa, do take some of the money
you're going to leave when you're dead,"
begged Dick. "I'm afraid Steve and lots of
nice boys will freeze waiting for you to die.
Why, he only has mush he makes on a little
oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it.
If you'd build a home for boys you could see
all about it yourself, and you'd have more
folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look
down from heaven and see whether folks used
your dead money as you wanted?"

"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away;
I must get this work done before day after
to-morrow."

Dick turned away much disappointed, not
quite sure what his grandfather was going to
see about. He had hoped Steve could have
a better home at once. He did not know how
hard it was for his grandfather to part with
his dollars. The good old gentleman was
waiting for the cold hand of death to loosen
his grasp, and then he hoped to bless mankind
with what he no longer needed.

"Dead money," muttered the old man.
"Pretty good, after all. A man's money
seems to die, or stop growth, with him. Why
not make folks love me when I can feel it?
And boys may freeze waiting for me to die!
I hope they will wait for some years."

Then he turned to his ledger, but in the row
of dollars and cents he seemed to see other
entries—"A long life;" "A good wife;"
"Good children;" "Bright, loving grand-
children;" "Eye-sight and hearing;" "The
hope of a life beyond."

"If I reckon like Dick, I have a good deal
to give account for. This little college does
need help," he thought.

The old gentleman sat thinking it over some
time, then he said aloud, —
"I believe it is a foolish plan to leave your
good deeds for other people to do. They
don't always carry out one's wishes. I be-
lieve, my boy, I'll take your advice."

To think was to come to a decision, and
that meant action with Grandfather Morris.
Opposite the college building was a large
frame house for sale. The last day of the
year this became the property of Mr. Morris,
and I must confess he made a close bargain.
The deed was made to the college trustees in
Richard's name. This the boy found under
his plate New Year's morning, and when his
grandfather explained, he was almost wild
with delight.

"I have sent for Steve to come to dinner,"
Mr. Morris said. "To-morrow we will fur-
nish what rooms are needed, and find some
good woman to take charge of the new
home."

"Steve's mother is a widow, and a very
worthy woman, I hear," said Richard's moth-
er.

"That might do. I want to make this a
good, comfortable home for young men who
are deserving. Yet we will find some way so
the boys can help themselves," said grand-
pa.

That was the beginning of the "Morris en-
dowment," which made a fine institution, in
time, out of a struggling little college. The
old man lived to know that many blessed his
name, and that his money was well invested.

"Richard," he said just before his death,
"if I had not given my money while it was
live money, charity would not have gotten
much, for that bank failure nearly ruined me.
I can't leave my children and grandchildren
the wealth I expected."

"You leave a blessed memory, grandpa,"
said the young man. "The New Year's gift
you gave me ten years ago has done more
good than if you had left me a fortune."

"God blessed that gift and opened other
hearts. Do good while you have a chance,
my boy," said the old gentleman.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Two thousand girls are taking cooking lessons
in the Boston public schools.

The Boston Woman's Educational and In-
dustrial Union netted \$4,000 from the recent Dickens
Carnival.

A good many women are enjoying life in
Maine lumber camps this winter. They accompany
their husbands and fathers as cooks.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor proposes to perpe-
tuate her husband's name by building an observatory
on Mission Heights at San Diego, Cal. It is esti-
mated that the building with the telescope will cost
\$25,000, and the bulk of this sum Mrs. Proctor hopes
to raise by lecturing.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose New England
sketches have made her name a household word, bears
a noticeable resemblance to the famous Jane Austen,
not only in her countenance, but in her work, which is as
delicate and truthful as the finest miniature-painting,
but also in her love of country life, her delightful
sense of humor, and her capacity to write her stories
on her knee, in a room full of people, undisturbed
by chattering or laughter. —*Harper's Bazar*.

Lady Monkton and Miss Frith — a daughter
of W. P. Frith, R. A. — have added themselves to
London business women. The firm is Monkton &
Frith, Decorators and Art Furnishers. Lady Mon-
kton will supervise the salesroom and office and at-
tend to the finances, while Miss Frith will continue her
well-established and highly successful Ladies' Work
Guild, which gives employment to needy gentlewomen
and produces beautiful decorative work.

Their shop is filled with rare specimens of old and celebrated
makers' furniture.

Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, the daughter
of the late Charles Crocker, of California, the
railroad millionaire, has made a gift of a new build-
ing to Princeton University. It will be used for com-
mencement exercises and all the higher functions of
university life. It will be the finest, most costly and
best-equipped building of its kind belonging to any
college in the country. The new hall will be a mem-
orial to the Alexander family, fifteen of whom have
been graduated from Princeton.

Writing of "The Women Voters of Boston,"
H. B. says in the *Woman's Journal* —

"The action of the 7,918 women voters of Boston,
and its results, show the efficiency of women as a
factor in our municipal politics. In an election
where the Democrats carried their mayor by 12,000
majority, with the council and board of aldermen,
not a single person was elected a member of
the school committee who was not nominated and
supported by some organized body of women. The
Independent Voters' nominated eight candi-
dates and elected four of them, no one of whom
was the Democratic nomination. The Public School
Union also nominated eight candidates and elected
four of them. Mrs. Emily A. Field, a Field, is
only woman nominated by any party, received a
larger vote and a larger majority by 2,000 than any
other candidate, although not nominated by the Dem-
ocrats, but not least, Mrs. Emily A. Field, a Field, is
shown by the fact that out of 7,918 registered
women, over 7,800 are known to have voted, with
good reasons found for the few absentees. A promi-
nent Republican politician said: 'You ladies can ac-
count for our absentees; we cannot account for
ours.' A picturesque incident was the voting of
twenty-one ladies in Ward 9, one after another,
of ages ranging from sixty-five to ninety."

THE SELFISH SIDE OF GRIEF.

The removal from a family of one of its
dearly-loved members, whether that
member be a little child, or a man in his
prime, alters for a time the whole course of
feeling, and takes color and flavor out of
every incident in the daily life. Zest is gone.
If it be a parent whose counsel and power to
comfort and soothe are missed in the experi-
ences which fall day by day into every lot,
the younger people walk, as it were, with
heads bared to the storm; a bulwark that
stood between them and the buffets of ad-
versity is removed. They stand face to face
in the front rank with eternity; the genera-
tion that preceded them, and kept the chill
wind away, has passed into the great silence.
The sense of orphanhood is sorely felt by
many a middle-aged man and woman when a
gray-haired and tottering parent is taken
home; felt as keenly and sharply as ever by a
child, whose helplessness and immaturity are
left undefended at the time of a parent's
loss.

If wife and husband are separated, the two
that were one sundered, the broken half of a
union that was well-nigh perfect remaining
with rough and jagged edges, sensitive to
each rude touch, and aching day and night,
the grief is beyond human aid for awhile.
Into that sanctuary no profane foot may en-
ter. The heart knows its own bitterness,
with which a stranger intermeddles not.
That which wounds are healed by time, and
that in time new associations and compari-
sons may take the place of those that death
destroyed, argues nothing against the pain-
fulness of the bereavement. I question
whether any new relation ever establishes it-
self in the precise place of the old. The
heart has its locked doors, inscribed "In Me-
morial," though so wise and tender is God,
and so elastic and many-sided is humanity,
that grief wears itself out by degrees, and
they who thought to spend their years in the
house of mourning do, at last, find themselves
again in the house of "Feasting."

The most difficult stroke to bear is often the
loss of a child. Infinite possibilities are
bound up in the baby's little bundle of life.
So much of hope, so much of joy, so much of
investment, is in the nature of things includ-
ed in our love for sons and daughters that we
go heavily for long, long days, and water with
our tears the mound that covers our lost dar-
ling. One never grows used to the loss of the
little creature who was so vital, so essen-
tial, to the home happiness, so truly a part
of the daily round; for whom the father worked
and planned, and the mother cared with a
constant self-denial that knew no cessation,
and was its own full reward. One wakens in

the night at the thought of the baby's call,
and breaks one's heart all day at the sight of
the empty crib, and the pathetic, unused toys
and picture-books. I never see the white rib-
bon on a door-bell, or the little stone in the
cemetery, without a throb of sympathy with
the stab of anguish that some heart has felt
when it kept its vigil beside the dying bed of
a child.

But, dear friends in the shadow, beware of
the selfish side of grief. After the first in-
terval, when tears must have their way, it be-
hooves you to be up and doing, lest your
brooding over loss and loneliness make your
home and your presence a torture-chamber to
those who remain to love you, a sphere to be
avoided by the young and the happy, who
derive from your absorption in regrets and
your morbid self-pity a wholly wrong con-
ception of the power of the Christian religion
to uplift and console in hours of dark-
ness. I have seen a mother's grief drive a
youthful son into haunts of temptation in
one instance, and in another have known it to
work almost fatal injury to the health of a
delicate daughter. Indeed, there are those
who always mourn in such fashion that their
tones, looks and words—their whole
behavior—reproach the living as well as la-
ment the dead. Always we need to guard
against this subtle form of selfishness. To
gather up the fragments, and go on with
what is left of life, bravely, trustfully, thank-
fully, may be a weary task, and full of sad-
ness, but it is God-appointed to every griev-
ing heart, and God Himself assists him or
her who attempts it in faith and with prayer.

All is seldom taken at once. We owe
duties, we have responsibilities, to those who
are still with us, and the only noble way, the
only Christian way, of meeting and bearing
grief is with God's help, to do this cheer-
fully. Pillow the aching head on the thought,
"God knows." Rest the tired eyes on His
starry words of promise. Gird up the loins,
take the staff in hand, and go forward; for
ever beside thee, poor, sorrowing one, even
in the hottest fire of pain, if thou love and
trust Him, I see a form like unto the Son of
God. There is the scar of the wounds in His
hands, in His feet, and He who strengthens
thee to-day was once nailed to the cross.

Another reason against a selfish indulgence
in grief, the sort of intelligence that by and
by inevitably finds its way into the heart, and
an occupation, is that this kind of grief is
pagan. If we accept our Lord's positive
statement that "in My Father's house are
many mansions," and if we expect to meet
our dear ones in the Father's house, in the
Father's own good time, we cannot wait with
patient hope for the hour of reunion? We
can spare our children for a journey across
the Atlantic, or for a long period at college;
we can give them in marriage to those with
whom they go to dwell in other lands and
other homes. It is heaven's only spot which
seems to our hearts an abode of exile. Is the
Lord's bright angel, who beckons them to
immortality, the only messenger whom we
cannot receive with faith when he comes in
the Lord's name? Deeply beloved, we are to
blame if we cultivate the selfishness of grief.

Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Congrega-
tionalist*.

HOW TO ACT IN A HOTEL.

THE girl who is going away from home quite
by herself, and who will have to travel for several
days and nights on the cars, who will be at a strange
hotel by herself, wants a little advice about what to
do. Her number may be many, so I prefer to tell
her in this little paragraph: In buying her ticket
for the trip she also buys a ticket for her sleeper, and
the railway official will arrange that if she does not
get the entire section the other berth is also occupied
by a lady. When she wishes to go to bed, the por-
ter, at her request, will arrange the berth for her,
and then out of the small sachet that she has pro-
vided she will take the dark flannel or delaine dress-
ing-gown in which she intends to sleep, and go to
the toilet-room and put this on. Her clothes are
hung by the berth, and while she is advised to re-
move her dress, skirt and corsets and her shoes, it
will be wiser to retain some of her underwear and
her stockings not only because of the draft but be-
cause of the facility of getting into things the next
morning. Get up early and go to the toilet-room,
but do not monopolize it for hours.

When you reach a strange city get into the stage
that belongs to the hotel to which you wish to go,
get out at the ladies' entrance, go into the reception
room and say that you wish some one sent from the
office to you. Tell whoever comes exactly what kind
of a room you want, and ask the price of it. Give
him your name to register, and remember while you
are alone in a public house it is not wise to dress in
any except a quiet way. No trouble about ordering
your meals should be experienced as the bill-of-fare
shows exactly how things are served and you can
take your choice of the variety given. Apprise the
office through a bell boy of the time you wish to
leave, and the porter will be sent for your trunk,
and you will be told when the hotel coach is at the
door.

As to "tipping," you will certainly give a small
tip to the porter who straps and locks your trunks
for you, and to any bell boy in the hotel who shows
you some special service. If you are only there for a
few hours it is not necessary for you to tip the wait-
er, nor the chambermaid, unless she also should do
some act of kindness for you such as brushing your gown,
getting the piece of soap that you have forgotten, or
putting a stitch in a ripped frock. Although it is not
pleasant to be alone, still I firmly believe that a
well-bred girl with a clear head and a steady
mind can go, without any trouble, from California
to New York and receive nothing but courteous
attention.

The don'ts are these: —
Don't dress loudly.
Don't make any acquaintances on the car or in
hotels.
Don't sit alone in public parlors. Better by far
stay in your own room and read than make your-
self an object of comment.
Don't go to the public newstand for the book you
may desire; you only make yourself conspicuous.
Make up your mind to be courteous and polite, but
reserved, and all men will be like Chevalier Bayards
to you, and all women will give you what you
demand—respect. —*Ladies' Home Journal*.

HEALTH HINTS.

Headache.
Those who are frequent sufferers from headache
should keep on hand the following mixture:
Menthol, one drachm; alcohol, eight drachms.
In many instances if this is applied freely to the aching
parts the relief will be immediate. —*Boston Journal
of Health*.

Clothing at Night.
Instead of wearing a woolen undervest and cotton
drawers during the winter, did people generally—
remove especially those who have passed middle life—
the woolen undervest and put on only a flannel
nightdress, they would enjoy better health, as well
as greater comfort. Travelers in drapery sleeping
cars will find in this a safeguard against taking cold.
—*Exchange*.

Indigestion.
For indigestion the external application of some-
thing warm, a piece of flannel, or anything to keep
the stomach warm and to promote a supply of blood,
is sometimes a great benefit. In taking hot water
internally, it is best to sip it by spoonfuls, waiting a
moment after each for an eructation of the gas dis-
engaged by the hot water from the fermenting con-
tents of the stomach. —*Dietetic Gazette*.

For Tender Feet.
A remedy for tender feet is cold water, about two
quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one table-
spoonful of lay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for
ten minutes, gently throwing the water over the
limbs upwards toward the knee. Then rub dry with

a rough towel and all the tired feeling is gone. This
is good for a sponge bath also. —*Dietetic Doctor*.

Cold in the Head.
The fumes of menthol will often arrest a cold in
the head, if they are inhaled during the commencing
stage. Menthol inhalers can be bought of druggists
for about fifty cents, and are in a form convenient
for carrying in the pocket. When one feels a cold
coming on he should use one of these for a period of
five or ten minutes, several times every hour. The
good effect is often very marked. —*Exchange*.

Remedy for Colds.
When a person has been out in bad weather, ex-
posed to draughts and the like, and he feels that he
has taken cold, the one thing for him to do is to
"bundle up" well and walk briskly in the open air
until he is in a gentle perspiration. He should then
return home, undress quickly in a warm room, take
a cup of hot tea, hot lemonade, or hot water, and
the chances are that on the following morning he
will arise feeling as well as ever. —*Journal of Health*.

Tired Eyes.
Take a cup brimful of tepid water and add suffi-
cient salt to be faintly perceptible to the taste. Hold
your eyes to the water so that the lashes touch it,
then wink once and the eyes will be suffused; do not
wipe them. This so refreshes the eyes that they feel
like a new pair. Do not forget the good old rule, as
soon as you feel your eyes, stop using them. By the
above treatment one need waste very little time
waiting for tired eyes. —*Every Thursday*.

Effect of Acids and Alkalies on the Stomach.
An eminent Polish physician, Jaworski, has been
experimenting to determine the effect of acid and
alkalies upon the stomach. He finds that acids pre-
cipitate mucus, cause bile to flow into the stomach,
increase the amount of pepsin in the gastric juice,
but not its acidity, diminish the flow of gastric juice,
and, in excess, produce disturbances of digestion.
Alkalies, on the other hand, dissolve mucus and de-
compose pepsin. These facts explain the evil re-
sults arising from a continued use of vinegar, bak-
ing-powder, saleratus, soda, and similar substances
commonly used in cookery. —*Good Health*.

Little Folks.

ELSIE'S NABOB.

REV. J. F. COWAN.

DOWN the street promenade the daintiest
of little maidens, fresh and pink as
one of the geraniums that bloomed in her
mamma's bay window, and after her followed
the soberest of little maids, but not with her
—that was out of the question when walk-
ing in the company of Miss Elsie.

"Don't go so near the curb, Miss Elsie,"
she would caution. "Keep away from that
strange-looking dog, please, Miss Elsie. Take
my hand at the crossing," were some of the
attempts to keep her little charge out of
danger.

All at once there was the sound of wheels
rolling by, and within the closed doors of the
handsome carriage a tall form bowed to the
little lady. Out came one gloved hand
from its hiding-place in the white muff, and
the finger-tips waved a kiss with the most be-
witching childish grace.

"That's my Mr. Bennett," she said to Jen-
nie, "and of course I throw kisses to him on
the street or anywhere else. Now, you
needn't pull me back; I'm going to see what
these boys are doing all in a huddle; maybe
some one is hurt."

"Well," said one boy; "if I win this time,
I'll have enough to get a New Year's dinner
to-morrow. What are you going to have,
Bill?"

"I got a whopping big potato from a boat
they were unloading, and I'm going to roast
it and eat it with salt. I'll give you half."

"And I've got nothing, because I lost, and
I'll give you half of that," laughed the
other; "you'll be getting proud on a whole
tater, like that old duffer Bennett, driving by
there."

Elsie was shocked at hearing her Mr. Ben-
nett called such an irreverent name; but
something else one of the boys said about him
made her stop and listen just as she was turn-
ing away indignantly.

"That old duffer has got fat on wines and
high living. What he puts down his gullet
to

Zion's Herald, WESLEYAN BUILDING.

36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

1891

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31					29	30	31				

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31					29	30	31				

JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31					29	30	31				

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31					29	30	31				

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, December 30.

— Rudyard Kipling, the novelist, is 26 to-day.
— Octave Feuillet, the French novelist, is dead.
— London's protest against the abuse of the Jews has gone to Russia.
— The American Economic Association elected Gen. F. A. Walker president.
— Schedules of S. A. Keen & Co., Chicago, show assets, \$106,000; liabilities, \$270,000.
— Through railway traffic between Edinburgh, Glasgow and Perth is almost completely re-established.
— The Winthrop Point Land Association property has been sold to the U. S. War department to be fortified.
— The trial of policeman Kearney, charged with manslaughter for shooting the Davenport boy last September, was begun.
— General Booth of the Salvation Army says that the differences which led Commissioner Smith to resign were only in regard to methods.
— Big Foot's hostilities treacherously attacked the Seventh Cavalry in the Bad Lands. Captain Wallace and 60 soldiers were killed, and many Indians were slain.

Wednesday, December 31.

— Stepanak, the Russian nihilist, arrived at New York.
— Farnell and O'Brien held a private consultation at Boulogne.
— A serious fire in London near Black Friar's Bridge caused a loss of \$2,000,000.
— England is experiencing the coldest weather since 1813. People have been frozen to death in the streets of Frankfurt-on-the-Main.
— A building on the corner of First Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York collapsed yesterday, injuring several men, two fatally.
— Gen. Booth proposes to distribute food gratis and at half the usual price, according to circumstances, through the Salvation Army depots.
— The schooner "Lidia G. Potter," from Boston for Norfolk, foundered on Sunday off Barnegat, and seven men perished. The sole survivor had a terrible experience.
— The treacherous attack on our troops by the Indians on Monday resulted in the killing of 23 and the wounding of 33 soldiers. About 150 Indians, nearly the entire band, were killed.

Thursday, January 1.

— The failure of Bateman & Co., New York bankers and brokers, was announced.
— The thermometer at Fort Fairfield, Me., registered 60 degrees below zero yesterday morning.
— The Senate discussed the constitution of Mississippi and the recent shooting of a postmaster in that State.
— The board of police, in its annual report, says that there was a decrease of 2,500 in the number of arrests.
— The courts decide that Lily W. Churchill, the Duchess of Marlborough, must give up her income all but \$50,000 a year.
— December was the coldest month on record in Vermont for many years. The mercury did not rise above the freezing point during the month.
— Twenty-three blast furnaces in Ohio have ceased operations until the railways and the coke men come to their terms; this throws about 8,000 men out of employment.
— Three thousand Indians are reported on the war path. Fighting for two days has occurred on the border of Nebraska and Dakota. General Miles is on his way to Pine Ridge with a large force of cavalry.
— General F. E. Spinner, ex-treasurer of the United States; T. B. Peterson, senior member of the book publishing firm of T. B. Peterson & Co., in Philadelphia; Col. W. H. Payne, of New York, who was prominently connected with the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge and the Hudson Tunnel, and Brigadier General Isaac Van Dusen Reeve, U. S. A., died yesterday.

Friday, January 2.

— Gen. Miles takes personal charge of the Indian campaign.
— There was an elaborate New Year's reception at the White House.
— Charles King, the oldest man in New England, celebrated his 110th birthday.
— Seven men were drowned in the schooner "More Light," probably lost between Calais and Portland.
— Portuguese volunteers agree to fight the British if necessary to prevent their going up the Pongre River.
— The Weed Sewing Machine Company plant at Hartford has been transferred to the Pope Manufacturing Company.
— The strike of the dock laborers at Hull has entirely collapsed, and the Shipping Federation is victorious at every point.
— A great excitement in Cork over the refusal of the use of the Catholic Cathedral for the installation of the new Mayor, a Parsellite.
— Nine patients were inoculated with Koch's lymph at the Massachusetts General Hospital yesterday by Dr. H. A. Beach and Dr. H. C. Ernst.
— A crusade against the Canadian roads has been started by the Vanderbilts. They demand that the Canadian roads shall be placed under the operation of the Interstate Commerce law.
— Premier Grieg has ordered that Gregoire, the French anarchist who confessed at Paris that he was implicated in effecting the escape of Padewski, Gen. Selveroff's murderer, be delivered up to the French authorities.

Saturday, January 3.

— A. W. Klinglake, the historian, is dead.
— Judge Daniel Clarke, of New Hampshire, is dead.
— Koch's lymph is being used for leprosy at New York.

large freedom will be given in selecting studies; correspondence courses will be used; scientific study of the Bible will be taught, but the University will be non-sectarian. Its outlook is promising.

Mexico proposes to revise its monetary system. The proclamation of the change in the Mexican constitution whereby the President may be re-elected as often as the people see fit, has been celebrated with great joy.

The Jamaica Exposition opens Jan. 28. The United States will not be represented excepting in the educational department — not having been invited to send an exhibit.

A remarkable immigration scheme has been organized in Brazil, the purpose being to establish twenty agricultural settlements on the public lands of the new republic. The company proposes to select 5,000 families in Europe whose members are skilled mechanics or agriculturists, transport them free of cost to Brazil, and furnish them with houses, tools, etc. These settlements will form nuclei to attract further immigration. The company has a capital of \$25,000,000. Baron de Hirsch has also a big scheme for transporting to the Argentine Republic a half-million Russian Jews.

The Scotch railway strike, which involved about 9,000 men, and paralyzed traffic for over a week, has not been a success, although the complaints of the employees of being kept on duty seventeen hours a day was one which elicited public sympathy. An attempt is being made by John Burns and Michael Davitt to induce a renewal of the demand for shorter hours.

Either inebriety in Ireland is on the increase, and is awakening a good deal of comment. The fluid costs but little, and the period of its operation is brief, but its effect upon the nervous system is terrible. The government has been appealed to, to take measures against the dangerous vice.

The experiments made with petroleum in Italy as fuel in naval ships have been successful. Fewer stokers are required, comparative freedom from smoke is secured, and the new fuel is more compact, though more costly, than coal.

A thousand delegates attended the sessions of the National Indian Congress in Calcutta last week. Several high-caste native ladies were also present. The proceedings were conducted with great moderation, and with much professed loyalty for the viceregal government. Home rule was not insisted upon. It was openly conceded that "the diverse nationalities of India were not yet ripe for representative institutions," but the claim was made that the elective principle ought to be adopted in nominations to the Indian Council. The Congress professed itself to be eager to aid the government in the work of social reform.

THE CONFERENCE.

[Continued from Page 1.]

fair in the town hall. This year it netted about \$200. Social revival services have been recently held with good results.

North Prescott is supplied by Rev. W. B. Graves. This is one of our mountain towns, and little change in the way of improvement can be expected. The pastor has a congregation averaging toward 100. He also preaches every Sunday at Lock's Village, a little hamlet seven miles over the mountain. He also holds neighborhood meetings in the north of Greenwich, where thirteen have recently been converted. Bro. Graves is doing a good work.

North Dana and South Athol are served by Bro. Silverthorne, who is doing a good work in a hard field. His faithful services are appreciated by his people.

Orange. — Rev. N. M. Caton is doing a noble work along all lines, not the least of which is the financial. The present charming edifice, one of the prettiest in western Massachusetts, is a monument to his skill and ability. Special effort is now being made along religious lines. As a result of union services held recently in the town, 20 of our young people have been converted and will unite with our church. A rich work of grace is confidently expected before Conference.

Presiding Elder Eaton completed his third quarter's work at West Brookfield on Jan. 2. He began his fourth quarter's visits on Jan. 4 at Blandford, North Blandford and Chester.

Enfield. — This is the fourth week of special revival services. The pastor, Rev. L. P. Canney, has been assisted by Revs. Goodspeed of the Congregational Church, Hall, King, and Presiding Elder Eaton of the district. Rev. F. W. Low, of Wilbraham, and Evangelist Frank L. Hopkins, of Worcester. The latter spent eleven days here, laboring earnestly and successfully. The church has been quickened. Many have made decided advance in religious experience. More than twenty from among the unconverted have asked prayers, and a number of these give good evidence of having found the Saviour. On Christmas night the Sunday-school held an entertainment. The vestry was filled. A beautiful Christmas program was rendered, and the Christmas tree yielded pleasant and valuable fruit. Among the presents was a purse of over \$20 to Miss Olive Causey, the pastor's daughter, in recognition of her services as organist. The Epworth League is a growing and strong department of this church.

Chicopee. — The pastor, Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, and his family were pleasantly remembered by their people at Christmas. Among the presents were a French clock from the young men's Bible class, and an elegant silver tea service. Watch-night services were held in the church. The meeting was one of unusual interest. Rev. Thomas Whitfield, of Andover, N. H., was present and rendered efficient service. A series of revival meetings will follow the services of the "week of prayer." On New Year's Day each member of the church and congregation received a letter from the pastor with New Year's greetings.

West Springfield. — As a result of the special services, which continued for four weeks, fully fifty were converted, and a large number interested besides. It has been one of the most powerful revivals that the church has ever enjoyed. Pastor Marble is doing finely. The Christian Endeavor Society has been changed to an Epworth League. The annual meeting will be held on Oct. 16, and the business meetings and socials on the first Friday of each month.

West Parish and Greenville. — The pastor, Rev. F. J. Hale, and wife, were bountifully remembered at Christmas time. At the former church they were presented with money with which to purchase a sleigh, also a fine whip. At the latter church an excellent skin robe was given, besides a generous sum of money.

Westfield. — On Sunday, Dec. 28, the church auditorium was reopened after being closed over three months for repairs. The old plaster ceiling has been removed, and a new iron ceiling by A. Northrop & Co., of Pittsburgh, substituted. The style is paneled

with moldings and rosettes; and, painted in delicate and various tints, looks very beautiful. The tower has been strengthened and the walls of the building bound together with iron rods. About \$2,000 has been expended in these repairs, all of which was raised by subscription on a Sunday morning before a blow was struck. In addition, the Young People's Society, under the presidency of Prof. A. N. Bunker, of the High School, have furnished three elegant chandeliers and other improvements in lighting at a cost of \$600. This is now, without doubt, one of the finest church auditoriums in New England.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

Portland District. Christmas Eve and Christmas day of 1890 will long be pleasantly remembered in Elliot. The beautiful audience-room of the First Church was the scene of a happy gathering on Christmas Eve. The music, address of the pastor, readings, etc., were very interesting, at the close of which the two heavily-laden trees were decorated with their pretty and useful gifts, which were soon distributed. The church has been entirely remodelled the past summer, and the thanks of the attendants should be given freely to the pastor, Rev. G. I. Lowe, and to others who pushed forward the work to completion. There is now a handsome audience-room. Both walls and ceiling are paneled in imitation oak, and it is connected with the vestry by folding doors, the whole being heated by a furnace. Above the vestry is a kitchen and long dining-room. The ladies of the Epworth League sent invitations to all the members of the church to a Christmas dinner, and about a hundred guests were present.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bangor District. Monticello. — Nov. 30, Bro. Towle baptized five candidates and received eight into the church, among them his two young daughters.

Pascoboro. — Bro. Pearson was recently called home to attend the funeral of his father, who died suddenly. There is a good religious interest at this point. The attendance upon the class-meeting has increased from eight to twenty. The pastor has scored a good financial record since Conference, seven months. He has built a new church costing \$1,900 and has provided for its payment, has raised more for his benevolent objects than has been apportioned his charge, and even met the district expenses for the Conference year at the second quarterly meeting, going beyond the amount assessed, and that without a Sabbath quarterly meeting service. He is highly appreciated by his church and people.

Orono. — The people here are delighted with their new pastor, Bro. Fred H. Morgan, who comes to us from the N. H. Conference. We anticipate a successful pastorate for him.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Clarendon District. Dear Deering is a "feeble folk," and the disposition of the country city-ward is just now taking away one of the few families of workers which keep this old gospel field on the plan. With only a score of members, scattered widely over these hills, they yet maintain religious service, have repaired the church this year at a cost of about \$60 all paid, and the pastor has received in "cash, comforts and calamity," for the support of his family of four during the eight months of the year, \$158.62, being \$6 more than he received on the same field during the first ten months of last year. G. W. N.

Dr. S. T. Birmingham, so well known to the readers of the HERALD, and who is one of its oldest subscribers, reached last week his ninety-first birthday. The Doctor has been a member of the M. E. Church for eighty years, is a regular attendant of Temple Street Church, and rarely of a Sabbath or week-day service is absent from his accustomed place. Notwithstanding his great age his memory remains unimpaired, his eyes have still the sparkle of youth, and his step the vigor and spring of many who cannot yet number half his years. We extend to the venerable Doctor, in union with his many friends, our hearty congratulations.

A Good Reputation. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis. Price, 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

The adulteration and cheapening of articles of food in this country are becoming alarming, and we therefore point with pride to the record of Walter Baker & Co.'s preparations, which have for over one hundred years maintained their integrity of manufacture and absolute purity of product. It is a distinctive characteristic of W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa that no chemicals are used in its preparation, it being produced from the finest cocoa seeds by scientific mechanical processes only, and for this reason it is unequalled in purity, as well as unexcelled in solubility by any other cocoa in the market. It is healthful, nourishing, agreeable, and economical, and the best drink in the world for young and old, rich and poor, the invalid and the robust.

A COMMON SENSE CALENDAR. — The most sensible and business-like Calendar that we have seen comes to us from N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, and bears their "Keeping everlastingly at it" imprint. It is so large and clear that its rates can be easily distinguished across an office, and is printed in a manner to reconcile the most fastidious to its company for a year. It is sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

If you are thinking of planting Roses, Hardy Shrubbery, Climbing Vines, Bulbs or Seeds of any kind, write The Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa., for their New Guide — 124 pages beautifully illustrated — free on application. This house is well known as one of the most popular and reliable in the country. See advertisement.

Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., are among the most extensive seed growers and dealers in the country. They carefully consider the climate, soil, methods of culture

and selection of seeds and plants. The firm will send their seed annual for 1891 free to all who desire it.

"The doctor said my faith in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was correct," writes a lady friend.

World Soap is pure solid soap, will not wash away with a few times using.

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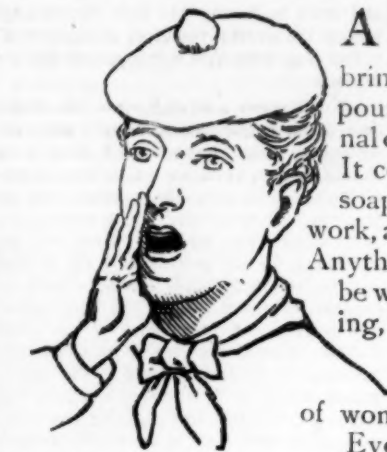
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he has constant calls for it.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, do the honest thing—send it back.

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